



State President of the Connecticut Tribune Sunshine Society

MUSIC AND LUNCHEON PAVE THE WAY
FOR DISCUSSION.

"TO WHAT DEGREE IS LITERATURE RESPONSIBLE
FOR OUR CONCEPTION OF HUMAN NATURE?" THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

The Committee on Literature, Nellie L. Kingman, chairman, had charge of the Sorosis programme yesterday at the semi-monthly meeting, which was held, as usual, in the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria. There was a large attendance. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Dimles T. S. Denison, president, the new corps of officers took their places upon the platform, and, in the language of the president, "began a new year of club life, with all its possibilities of usefulness."

Before announcing the programme, Mrs. Denison stated that an honor had come to the club from valued members, Mrs. Estlin and Mrs. Hermann, who had been decorated by the French Government in recognition of her broad philanthropies. "For this," declared Denison, "I am sure the whole club congratulates Mrs. Hermann and congratulate themselves that she is one of us."

The programme was opened by a violin solo by Master Frederick Gerard, Mrs. Walter Rockwood. Ferries recited "A Welsh Classic," by H. H. Ballard, and Mrs. Ella Jocelyn Horne sang.

The question for discussion, "To What Degree Is Literature Responsible for Our Conception of Human Nature?" was ably and pleasingly presented by Miss Helen K. Kilmann, Mrs. Max. Riley Smith took up the "Literature of Letters," "Between every human individual and his fellows," she said, "hangs an impenetrable veil. How many of us dare to lay our hearts open to even our own eyes, much less to others. In literature we cover ourselves up with a few little harmless cosmetics, and letters, like other testimony, must be taken relatively. It is said that the letters of literary men are rarely interesting, because they can't afford to put their best work into letter-writing when it has a mercantile value."

The question was made by Mrs. Smith, however, of the letters of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. The letters of the latter, she thought, with William Allen, were superior even to the Portuguese sonnets.

Gertrude F. Tenney, taking for her subject "Types of Human Nature in Fiction," thought the essential part of every story was to be found in the characters of the people.

Chapin, "when," she said, "we both love and hate literature. I hate it because it is so ungenerous so gradually that he was hardly aware of it. The novelist who would succeed must ask his readers to hate him. I hate literature because of the view of the realistic literature offered, works of fiction seems a misnomer; they should be works of reality."

Dr. Augusta Chapin paid an exquisite tribute to "The Influence of Sacred Literature," and Jesse Lottier Payne spoke on "The Psychology of Literature."

Mrs. Isabel Strong, stepdaughter of Robert Louis Stevenson, being introduced as the guest of the evening, read a story which she had written and never been published. They were written under compulsion, his wife asking him to write some thing for her. She said she had written it "when" which she was to present to a friend who was "neither young, handsome nor especially clever."

He took a put on a coat on a gray dress," but he took himself to the shore and in a few moments returned with a new dress.

Other speakers of the afternoon were Mrs. Hoffman, Miss Pettie and Miriam Mason Greeley. The speakers of the morning were Mrs. Strong, of Honolulu, and Mrs. Aldrich, of Baltimore. Among the other guests were Mrs. Robert Loomis, of New York, and Mrs. M. C. Walker, Associate Editor of "The Independent." Mrs. Emily Thatcher, of Pueblo, Col.; Mrs. E. Spencer, of the Patria Club, and Miss Hallowell.

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INSTEAD OF THE FAMILY ALBUM.

With the rapidly increasing output of the camera at the hands of the indefatigable amateur photographer, there comes a demand for some means of keeping and displaying the pictures. The old-fashioned family photograph album is not used, and several old-fashioned homes where the "black-and-white" still remains a number of blue prints have been put on in such a manner as to imitate a picture gallery. In another country house a dodo of unmounted photographs adorns the dining-room, while many a bachelor's den shows a background

glories of steins and pipes grow dim. Latterly the spinning-wheel and the bicycle wheel have been supplanted by young women for the display of photographs. From behind the sheltering spokes of the old spinning-wheel, grown thin and slender with the weight of years, peep forth the faces of

The bicycle wheel is different. The society girl claims this for her own special sanctified attribute. It is a wheel with a story, a must be a wheel with a history or a sentiment behind it: one that has made a century run, figured in some romantic situation, or a wheel belonging to the young woman's own cavalier. The pictures relegated to this unique customer must, of course, be quite in harmony with their surroundings. A placid, grandmotherly face or church dignitary in canonicals would be incongruous indeed here; but the golf girl, the football collegian or the bicyclist beams forth complacently in harmony with the surroundings.

SAXLEHNER,
Budapest.